

HEALTH.

Help to Digestion.

TABLE FURNITURE.—In view of the fact that as a people we have weak stomachs, everything which tends to the comfort and pleasure at the table should be fostered.

China costs but little more than the common ware, and is likely to receive better care and to last longer.

Plated knives, forks and spoons are now so cheap that every table may have an abundance. On some occasions plated ware is preferable to solid silver.

I should be satisfied with plainer and cheaper food, if neatly prepared and served upon snowy linen, with china and plate.

An intelligent lady assured me that the sight of cracked wheat always turned her stomach, until she was visiting at Mrs. R.'s, when the wheat looked so white, the china dish in which it was put on the table was so beautiful, the fringed napkin and cream pitcher were so pretty, that she cracked wheat for the first time, and has ever since been fond of it.

How true all this is of many things besides our food! I know more than one man, and more than one woman, without intelligence, Christian sentiments or manners, who are tolerated and even welcomed on account of their fine taste in dress.

Headaches.

The approach of the winter season will, with a large number of people, be inaugural of a recurrent headache, for which they are unable to account at all satisfactorily, but which experience has taught them to expect as surely as fires and "snuggles" are rendered necessary to personal comfort.

Mind and Body.

Healthy body, healthy mind; or, healthy mind, healthy body. Keep the body healthy, the mind will be healthy; keep the mind healthy, the body will be healthy.

Old age often comes of rust, treadmill, living in ruts, learning nothing new, insisting one is too old to learn.

Flowers at the Table.

Their beauty and fragrance add not a little to the pleasure of the table hour. A large, fragrant bouquet takes the place of an extra dish.

It is such a pleasure to observe how the love for flowers is increasing! Their sweet beauty brightens the most unexpected places while their presence inspires almost every pupil.

The service of flowers at the table, in recalling the lost appetite of the invalid, has long been recognized. Their service in refining the appetites of all is not generally appreciated.

The Throat.

The throat is a wonderful instrument of music. Place the fingers upon it, and every time you speak you can feel the vibration of the vocal organs, producing sound.

iron, scrapes his neck, ties a rag around it, takes cold, has sore throat, bronchitis, consumption, and dies.

MEN AND WOMEN.

Two Chicago women write "Ben." before their names.

Russell Sage frankly confesses that he goes to church to please his wife.

Mrs. Adalbert Baker dropped herophile, dancing at a ball at Portland, Me.

Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher is writing gossipy letters from England to the Brooklyn Magazine.

Girls work in the coal mines of Belgium loading cars at 40 cents for a day of seven-teen or eighteen hours.

Cella Thaxter frizzes her bangs, and so do Louise Chandler Moulton and Ella Wheeler Wilcox, it reports are true.

Justin McCarthy has cleared over \$30,000 on his "History of Our Own Times."

The King of the Belgians has an eye on Queen Victoria's castle of Hobenlohe at Baden, and is looming up as a possible purchaser.

The fortune of Mrs. Mark Hopkins is estimated at \$40,000,000. It was all made by her late husband in the Central Pacific Railroad.

A woman works in a Kalamazoo (Mich.) cooper shop, and can make as many barrels in a day as any of the men who work with her.

There are numerous Masonic lodges in France composed exclusively of women. They have all the fancy features and ceremonials.

"No man," says Ruskin, "has ever lived a right life who has not been chastened by a woman's love, strengthened by her courage, and guided by her discretion."

Sir Arthur Sullivan, the composer, imbibed his musical tastes from his father, who was Royal Bandmaster at Sandhurst. He spent most of his boyhood in his father's band room.

The ex-King Thebaw, of Burmah, does not like his place of exile in Rutuagberry. He complains of dreariness and dullness, and says that his house is infested with snakes and scorpions.

It is stated that Joseph Arch has sailed for Canada with the intention of settling here. Mr. Arch was a member of Parliament for a few months. He sank under the weight of the Home Rule Bill.

Lord Randolph Churchill is a great coffee drinker, and is said to have a little gas stove of his own upon which he prepares his own cup of coffee each morning.

The ex-Empress Eugenie at last sees the hopelessness of the Napoleonic outlook in France, and has withdrawn the pensions which she has paid regularly to the supporters of the Bonaparte dynasty ever since the fall of the Empire.

The Empress of China has reigned twenty years, and will resign next February in favor of her son. She is said to be exceedingly progressive, and but for the men who formed her council would have had railroads throughout the Empire.

There is talk of a marriage between Victor Emmanuel, Crown Prince of Italy, and Victoria, second daughter of the crown Prince of Germany. Queen Victoria, Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Bismarck are said to approve of it.

When Joseph Cook, the famous preacher and lecturer, who is now in Canada, appears on the streets of Boston, he is dressed in a solemn black, carries a well known grip sack, and a long gap between the bottoms of his trousers and the tops of his Congress gaiters displays a glaring and gaudy expanse of red stockings.

Gen. Boulanger, French Minister of War, who has recently become a disturbing quantity in European politics, combines English grit with French dash.

A good many persons, after considerable mental difficulty, have been taught to believe that when Robert Burns wrote "Comin' Thro' the Rye" he referred to a little stream in the northwest of Yorkshire, called Rye, where the lads were given to lying in wait and kissing the lassies as they waded through the stream, their hands being employed in holding up their petticoats to keep them out of the water.

Editor A. B. Todd, of the Cummeck Express, who is said to be an authority in Scottish literature, who was born a few miles from the Burns farm, and was intimate with some of Burns' cronies, and he says that the idea expressed above is pure nonsense; that Burns never saw and probably never heard of the Rye; that the description of how Jenny "draigat a her petticoat" doesn't mean that she wet it in the water of a stream but that she dragged it through dew or rain-laden grain. All of which commends itself as being a sensible explanation.

Teacher's Rights.

"I say, pop," shouted Jimmy Tuffboy, as he raced into the house, "has the teacher any right to keep things what belong to a boy?"

"No, my son, she has not. What has she got that belongs to you?" "What has she got? Well, she's got my best jackknife, seven marbles, a glass agate, a dandy piece of string, a pocketful of horse chestnuts, my chestnut bell, and—" "That'll do James. I will send over an express wagon and have them brought home."

"And I am going to ride in the wagon!" grabbing a hot doughnut from the table he skipped out of the house like a young cyclone.

"Brother Foster," said a southwest Arkansas preacher, pausing in his sermon and addressing a member of the congregation who occupied a bench near the door, "the boys over in that grove are making a good deal of noise and disturbing the meeting. I wish you would go out and stop them."

Brother Foster went out and returned presently with the information that the disturbers were not boys, but a lot of men from the county seat, who were hanging a horse-thief. "Congregation dismissed," said the preacher, grabbing his hat; "we will take up the missionary collection next Sunday."

MURIEL'S THANKSGIVING.

BY MARY BRADLEY.

When Muriel's mother and father were in their teens, she was a window-sill with big leaves in her eyes.

No, Muriel only sees the brown fields turning fast to white.

"Mother knows a story, dear" begins at once to say.

"Mother read a story once about a certain king who made his servant Lokman do a funny sort of thing.

"He waited at his table, and when the master dined, he sat at his shadow, the servant stood behind; so oftentimes it happened when they were alone that Lokman got a tidbit, as a dog might get a bone.

"There were many dainty dishes set before this king, and Lokman, who was the best of every-thing! Grapes and figs and pine-apples in golden dishes fine, Silver pitchers full of cream and flasks of ruddy wine.

"And Lokman every now and then would get a share of these—A glass of wine, a dish of fruit, a slice of mellow cheese; It pleased the king to see him take with simple gratitude Whatever gift he offered, and always find it good.

"But once, for curiosity—or in an idle jest—He chose to try his servant by another sort of test. He cut in two a melon that seemed to suit his mind, And scooping out the fruity part, gave Lokman the green rind.

"Then watched to see him eat it—at first with laughing eyes; But as he saw it disappear, with much more of surprise; For Lokman ate the melon-rind in such a placid way, That whether it were sour or sweet 'twould puzzle one to say.

"Upon my word," the king cried out, astonished and amused, "If I were you, I should have said I beg to be excused. But you take down the bitter dose, and keep a smiling face—I never saw a foolish thing done with a better grace."

"Why foolish?" Lokman answered. "You gave it me with the same hand that has bestowed many a morsel sweet; Should I refuse to take it—or take it murmuring—Because you choose to give me, for once, a bitter thing?"

"The king heard this with pleasure. 'Upon my word,' said he, 'There's wisdom in your argument that's quite as wise for me! I'm far too apt to grumble at God my master's will, And think when He sends trouble, that I am treated ill.'

"You've set me an example that, though I am a king, And you a slave, good Lokman, is worth the copying. Take this for thanks." And gave him a jewel of his own, A golden ring that sparkled with a precious ruby stone.

"Then who so glad as Lokman! The proudest in the land Might well have envied such a gift from such a royal hand. But modestly he wore it, and not with foolish pride, And served his master lovingly until the hour he died."

"Is that all?" little Muriel asks, when mother's tale is done.

"How short the story is! It seems as if you'd just begun. I wish you'd tell another." But mother shakes her head.

"No, dear; you shall tell me what this one means, instead."

"It means," says little Muriel, "it means—oh! I don't know! See there how white the ground is, all covered up with snow; It's just too bad, I do declare, when I expected May— There will not be a bit of fun for my Thanksgiving Day."

"But that's the lesson, darling, I wanted you to learn," The gentle mother answers. "God sends us in its turn, The sweet thing and the bitter, the pleasure and the pain, Sometimes the merry sunshine, sometimes the snow and rain!"

"We ought to learn from Lokman to take what may befall With willing spirits, knowing our Father sends it all. I wish, my little Muriel—but Muriel suddenly cries, "Listen, listen, mother!" and jumps up from her knee.

She rushes to the window and sees through flurrying snow, And all the gathering darkness, a moving thing below, That nearer comes and nearer, until a welcome sound—The trampling of the horses' feet—rings from the frozen ground.

"O mother!" screams the happy child. "O mother, it is May! She's come at last! Now, won't we have a good Thanksgiving Day?"

And down with flying feet she goes the welcome guest to greet, While mother follows—thinking of the bitter and the sweet.

She's not quite sure that Muriel has understood the thing She tried to teach her with her tale of Lokman and the king; But glad in all her gladness now, she hopes to see the day When Muriel will bear trouble in Lokman's gracious way.

A Queer Love Spell.

H. C. DODGE.

In search of knowledge He went to knowledge, And there was no busy He often grew dazed.

His time was spent wholly On deep studies woe! He wouldn't touch liquor And never would anquire; He did his own sewing; He wouldn't go rearing; He spent little money; And never was fonder; His heart was like granite; Until one day a graver, Attractive and pale, Just made him go luscious; His love was as great; As a bird's for the meat; One morning he said, "Sweet angel, let's wait!"

And she told him "Your Love sickness I'll cure!" Your heart mustn't ache! Any more for my sake; So, as you may guess, My answer is "Yucca."

LATE DOMINION NEWS.

The Aylmer Express has turned two lady passengers overboard.

The wife of Peter Laddy, of Montreal, gave birth to triplets, two boys and a girl, last week, and all are progressing favorably.

Scott, a Marquette storekeeper, at the Winnipeg Assize Court now in session, pleaded guilty to twenty-three charges of forgery.

A true bill has been found against an Indian named Thomas Thomas for the murder of Harriet Gilmour at Selkirk, Man., in April last.

The North-west Council have adopted a motion granting pensions to the widows and orphans of the Prince Albert Volunteers who were killed during the rebellion.

A cat, not liking the new home at Greenfield, N. S., to which she had been removed, took her six kittens and walked with them back to her former home at Milton, a distance of 16 miles.

Asa Lewis, an aged farmer at Dudswell, Que., retired in good health one night last week, awoke during the night, asked his wife to get him a glass of milk, and was dead when she returned to the room.

Agnes Saunders, the young girl who mysteriously disappeared from the Coffee House at Ottawa a few days ago after intimating to a friend that she would drown herself, changed her mind, returned to her boarding house, and is alive and well.

A few days ago a student named Huntly assaulted the Principal of Moncton, N. B., Public School, distributed his clothes to the four winds of Heaven, and planted bruises on various parts of his face and body. The police magistrate will determine the extent of the damages.

While the family of Mr. Joseph Watson, lot 2, con. 13, East Garafraxa, were at church, fifty dollars in money, and promissory notes amounting to \$1,475, were stolen from the residence. The servant girl's trunk was also opened and a purse containing \$3 in silver taken.

The Evangelical Alliance of Halifax, N.S., are protesting against the running of horse-cars in that city on the Sabbath. The agitation is wise and timely, and should be resolutely prosecuted.

Mr. W. C. Van Horne has replied unfavorably to the request of a deputation of Strathroy citizens, that the Western Ontario extension of the Canadian Pacific Railway be diverted two and a half miles from the proposed course in order to touch Strathroy, and now it is proposed to begin an agitation for a short line to connect Strathroy with the projected extension.

At St. Thomas a family named Gloisan partook of mushrooms for supper, and shortly afterward the father and two daughters were seized with severe pains and vomiting. An examination revealed the fact that several of the mushrooms were of a poisonous species. An emetic was administered and the patients restored. The consequences would probably have been much more serious had it not been that all ate sparingly of the plant.

A few nights ago the room used for a night school at Brantford was entered by unknown persons, the stove overturned, large daubs of paint smeared over the walls, the seats of the chairs, the gas globes, the ceilings, and floors, and other acts of malicious mischief and indecency perpetrated. The room had just been fitted up by the young ladies interested for the winter series of lessons, and the authors of the outrage are likely to receive very vigorous treatment if they are identified.

There is consternation in Hinchinbrook township in Huntingdon County, Que., over the seizure of smuggled goods in the possession of farmers. In one instance a farmer had to pay for shingles that had been on the roof of one of his buildings for over a year. Numerous mowers, ploughs, lamps, and other articles were attached, and the information in almost every case is reported to have been so precise that there was no possible means of escaping the duties and fines demanded by the Customs officers.

A Springfield, N. S., despatch says:—A great many accidents are happening in the coal mine here owing to the recklessness of the men. Broken arms and legs are of almost daily occurrence, while fatal accidents are very frequent. The output is at the rate of half a million tons per annum, and is limited by the inability of the Intercolonial Railway to handle freight. The sanitary condition of the town is deplorable. There are not half enough houses for the population. The water is abominable, and epidemic diseases are alarmingly prevalent.

It was noticed that an old man at St. George, N. B., spent a great deal of time in a piece of adjacent woods, and curiosity was excited to such a point that he was followed one day lately until he stopped before an open grave. It was found that in this grave a box had been placed and springs arranged so that a man could lie down in the box, and pull down a board when the grave would fill with earth, the brush arranged for the purpose would cover the mound. The discovery was made barely in time to save the old man's life, as every detail of his scheme of suicide had been completed.

A Tyandinage correspondent tells the following story:—"Rose Archer held a life lease of two acres of land from Wm. Tracy, Lot No. 4, 8th concession of Tyandinage, upon which was a log house. She went with her son to Michigan by the Tuesday morning train, last week leaving the house and what little furniture she had in possession of P. A. Shannon, to be done with as she should wish, thinking that she would come back in the spring; but some person on Tuesday night broke open the window and door, prised the logs out of the house, so that the roof fell in, leaving the poor widow's house a wreck.

A Gravenhurst paper observes:—"It seems to us that hunting deer with dogs should be prohibited altogether; there would be more sport in still hunting, and there would not be anything like wholesale slaughter of deer. In a country like Muskoka, where there are many poor settlers who depend to a large extent upon the deer for their supply of meat in fall and early winter, it is an injustice to them that outsiders with a pack of dogs should come in and exterminate the supply. We wonder that the settlers do not petition the Legislature, to pass a law prohibiting the use of

hounds for hunting deer in the districts of Muskoka, Parry Sound, and Nipissing. A young girl named O'Connor, eighteen years of age, disappeared from her home near Smith's Falls recently, and inquiries with a strange woman who had gone away to the farm the morning the girl was missed.

The pair were traced to Carleton Place, thence the girl was traced to Brockville, thence to Prescott, and finally to Murray-street. The girl's father was telegraphed attempted to escape, but was run down, and finally went home under a threat that if she persisted in her refusal to return with her father she would be sent to gaol.

The chief point made against Mrs. Dunlap, of Mink Lake, during the inquiry into the charge of murdering her husband, preferred against her, was in the testimony of Mr. James Dunlap, of Adamston, father of the deceased. When the old man was sent for to go to his son's place he was led to believe that the deceased was merely ill. It was not until he stood beside the corpse that he learned the truth, and then he ran up-stairs to where his daughter-in-law sat, and exclaimed, "Mary, how did all this take place, and you hear nothing of it?" To this the old man thought she replied, "It was all done by one blow." Mr. Dunlap is a little deaf, however, and could not be absolutely positive that the accused used the language stated, and nothing could be adduced to corroborate or confirm his suspicion.

On Thursday last a serious explosion of dynamite occurred in Thurlow on the opposite side of the river from Corbyville. A number of men have been engaged for some time enlarging the great Government ditch which was constructed to drain the swamp land lying between the fourth and fifth concessions of that township. One of the number was James Bogg, a young man about 24 years of age, from Lindsay. Bogg was preparing dynamite for blasting, and found that it had been touched by frost. He had it in a fire to thaw it out, when he noticed that it was ablaze. He went forward to pick it up to extinguish it, when it exploded. He was thrown twenty feet from where he stood, but had hardly struck the ground before he was on his feet again and fleeing for his life. A second and more powerful explosion immediately followed. It was found that the left side of Bogg's body, from head to foot, was filled with small fragments of rock, and that large pieces had made deep wounds in his hip. His condition, however, is not regarded as serious. The rock on which the fire was built was blown to fragments.

He Was a Cynic.

"She went straight up into the air, 300 feet, and I'll tell you, sir—"

"What?" I exclaimed, "she went up—"

"Yes, sir," replied the quondam duke, "she did."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Boiler exploded."

"Great—!"

"Do not be surprised, sir," the quondam duke interrupted. "The lady—she was a lady—to whom I refer did not have a boiler attached to her person. At the time of the explosion she was on a steamboat of which I was the captain. She was—I mean the lady—as pretty as a picture and elegantly dressed. The force of the explosion sent her straight up into the air, 500 feet. When she came down on the return trip, she fell into my arms. I thought she'd say, 'I was alive; 'Thank goodness, I wasn't killed; but she didn't.' She said, 'Oh my goodness, just look at that big hole in my dress!' So it goes, sir, so it goes, the world over. The gentler sex is controlled by one central idea, and that is dress."

The Russian Wolf.

Although the wolf has long been an extinct animal in the United Kingdom, it is far from being so in European Russia, where the value of domestic animals annually destroyed by wolves has been set down as not less than two million five hundred thousand pounds. In the statistical Report lately addressed to the Minister of the Interior, the frontier government of Samara suffered most, the damage being estimated at six hundred and fifty thousand roubles; Volodga came next, being five hundred and sixty thousand roubles. The Polish and Baltic provinces and Archangel suffered least. In an estimate like the above, no account can be taken of the number of wild animals destroyed by them, or of the loss of human life. The police reported one hundred and sixty-one persons killed by wolves in 1875. It is fortunate for the traveller that the wolf is one of the most suspicious animals in existence, in connection with any object with which its eyes, nose, or ears are unaccustomed. A stick planted in the earth with some fluttering piece of linen tied to it, is often sufficient to preserve the carcass of a slain Buffalo or deer for the hunter.

Better Whistle than Whine.

As I was taking a walk, I noticed two little boys on their way to school. The small one tumbled and fell, and, though he was not much hurt, he began to whine in a babyish way, not a regular roaring cry, as though he was a half killed, but a little cross whine.

The older boy took his hand in a kind, fatherly way, and said: "Oh, never mind, Jimmy, don't whine; it is a great deal better to whistle."

Jimmy tried to join the whistle.

"I can't whistle as nice as you, Charlie," said he, "my lips won't pucker up good."

"Oh, that's because you have not got all the whine out yet," said Charlie; "but you try a minute, and the whistle will drive the whine away."

So he did; and the last I saw or heard of the little fellows, they were whistling away as earnestly as though that was the chief end of life.

Trouble with Neckties.

Mr. Winks—"I'd just like to know if you women are ever going to get through with your follies. You have even taken to wearing standup collars and gentlemen's neckties."

Mrs. Winks—"And why should we not, I'd like to know?"

"Well, in the first place, it's an inconvenient fashion, anyhow. Even after these years a man can't keep his necktie about crawling up from under his shirt about half the time, and I don't see how women can hope to at the start."

"Our plan, dear, is to keep sober."

FAR... Pasturing Win... Considerable feed can... by allowing the st... fields during t... only be done w... a good strong gr... late, as is often... the fields are i... harm will be do... amount of feed sec... able.

As a rule, with all... thrifty plants will mak... more profitable crop th... and if the plants have... to grow in the fall... in, and in addition... down during the... hardly be expected to... feeble growth in the... Then, often, consider... by trampling when the... is soft and mud... frozen hard of course... harm, but a thaw o... in the wheat fields... age will be done in... And in order to avo... able care must be tak... when the ground is soft.

Then, in places, the... wheat down so close... keep it so, that the vita... out, or so nearly so tha... or, at best, make but a... in the spring. Sheep a... to the ground, and v... number have the run of... able damage is often d... So, that if the whee... considerable care must... harm to the crop will... amount of feed secure... addition, there is alwa... age, as it is almost imp... stock all the time, a s... weather, or the stock w... one place, and the whe... injured almost before y... Taking the risks into... pecially with late sow... much doubt, whether, r... ing wheat can be regar... Green feed is, of cour... able during the winter... of obtaining it is so... pressly for that a good... early in the fall. If t... large amount of wint... readily secured. But... my experience is, that... turn much stock in... very often it can be d... parent injury, yet ther... to run, so that at best... considered safe, ta... another.

And the safest plan... tions ahead for winter... wheat grow as much... considerable less risk o... a growth than there... good a start during t... The more vitality the... better they will withst... care should be taken to... as possible.

A Few Agricul... Don't own more land... well. Don't imagine that... through starving. Don't leave your... land. Don't treat your h... sideration than you do... Don't use poor imple... Don't let your plow... Don't let your mind... Don't throw away... good manure to go t... Don't expect your o... by you than you do b... Don't keep a worth... Don't chew tobacco... to divide with your v... Don't expect that t... unless you make a... yourself. Don't contract a de... that you can pay it a... Don't stint your... forts.

Don't put a dolla... needed to make the l... and the home more h... Don't grow. Don't whine. Don't lie. Don't cheat. Don't die without... towards making the... Timely S... If you have any... place put some car... either crude or crys... all germ life in the... the pig and will be... hops drink the wate... not injure them. A... holic acid is sufficien... the wallows up. A... good place for the... year is in the... have the shade, gra... which contribute gr... growth. Some co... the orchard more th... by the pigs. We... great benefit to the... same the apples... worms which in ti... trees.

An excellent pra... year or two ago ti... clover seeding wor... sars. This is more... gain crop, and it c... down by the outla... clover seed Here... out in six month... with other crops.

What's W... (George)—I w... George... Dupl... George—I... That's p... George—Im'... George—bu...